THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MIRROR.

"UTILE DULCI."

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The Philanthropist.

THE HOUSELESS POOR.—PLAN TO SUPERSEDE STREET BEGGING.

"Poor naked wretches, whosoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,
How will your unhoused limbs and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From rigours such as these?"

(Continued from our former papers.)

The following is the number of inmates who found refuge in the two houses during the last twelve days:—

Wednesday,	Jan.	27,	Shaw's-brow and Thomas'-st.	126
Thursday,	"	28,	Ditto	125
Friday,	"	29,	Ditto	141
Saturday,	"	30,	Ditto	122
Sunday,	"	31,	Ditto	132
Monday,	Feb.	1,	Ditto	151
Tuesday,	"	2,	Ditto	146
Wednesday,	"	3,	Ditto	158
Thursday,	"	4,	Ditto	152
Friday	"	5,	Ditto	153
Saturday	"	6,	Ditto	153
Sunday	"	7,	Ditto	151

This subject is of such general importance that it cannot be unacceptable to our readers, especially at this season of unusual severity, to endeavour to impress upon the public mind the necessity of forming a permanent place of refuge for those who have not the means of paying for their lodging for the night, even in the meanest place of accommodation usually resorted to by the most indigent classes of the community. The experiments made in Liverpool, during five winters, have convinced us, and many others, that the plan of the night asylum for the houseless is capable of being improved into a permanent establishment for the entire suppression of, that worst of nuisances, street begging; and the experiment is certainly deserving of a fair trial, whether we consider the benefit it would insure to the meritorious poor, the exposure of artful and confirmed mendicants, or the safety of the community.

We shall annex an interesting and sensible letter on the subject from a medical gentleman, who has gratuitously attended the inmates of the house in Shaw's-brow, and who appears to have that energy of character, and to have had that kind of experience which will qualify him for an active and efficient member of such a committee as that which it is in contemplation to form.

Before we proceed with his letter we shall copy part of an article respecting the houseless poor from the last *Mercury*:—

"Independent of the liberal donations we have received during the week, we have to acknowledge several very acceptable presents of clothes, wrappers, coals, potatoes, beer, &c. &c., which we forbear to specify for the present, for reasons which we have already stated. We shall, however, have much pleasure in specifying them hereafter, when we render up an account of our stewardship.

"Mr. Sweetlove continues to pay unremitting attention to the inmates of the Shaw's-brow house, and provided medicines as well as gave his advice, until an arrangement was made with Mr. Tyrer, druggist, to supply th medicines at prime cost. Mr. Sweetlove, who was the originator of the Bolton Mechanics' Institute, has expressed his readiness to co-operate with us in the grand work of establishing such a permanent night asylum as that recommended in our last publication. We expect to publish a letter from him on the subject in the next *Kaleidoscope*, and also in the *Mercury*, as we do hope to effect this great object by a little perseverance. If an amateur performance, as recommended by one of our correspondents in a preceding page, could be got up, the receipts would, in all probability, go far towards the formation of so desirable an establishment. The public are also under great obligation to Mr. Emett for his unremitting medical attendance at the house in Thomas'-street, and we trust that the professional gentlemen we have named will be ultimately no losers by their disinterested and humane exertions to alleviate the sufferings of some of the most destitute human beings that are to be found on the face of the earth.

"We are frequently asked what sort of persons the inmates of these night houses are; to which our general reply is, that we are not very particular in scrutinizing into their manners, or the course of life which may have reduced them to the necessity of begging for straw, and fire, and shelter. If they are deserving persons, they merit at least such relief as the establishment affords: and however bad they may be, we suppose few will be found to maintain that they ought to lie out in the open air, or to prowl about the streets and lanes, to the annoyance of the public. If any person will take the trouble to inquire from the inmates of the two houses of reception, they will find amongst them many persons who are legitimate objects of sympathy and relief. They will meet with porters who can obtain no employment, shipwrecked sailors almost naked, men and women who have been discharged either cured or incurable from our hospitals, persons who have been turned out of cellars, garrets, and lodging-rooms, because they could not pay their rents. There may possibly be also men discharged from imprisonment in Kirkdale Gaol; and whatever some persons may think of the policy of harbouring men who have been convicted of crime, we are decidedly of opinion that the best thing that can be done with such people, (next to finding them employment,) is to provide for them a place of shelter, which may prevent them from going at large, with every possible temptation to commit theft or outrage, to procure them enough to defray the expense of a lodging in a night cellar.

"Some of the officers of the police have occasionally visited the two night houses, and we respectfully request that the magistrates will direct them to call more frequently, at all hours, and to intimate to the lodgers that if there be any insubordination or improper conduct, they are commissioned to take the persons offending to Bridewell. We also particularly request the superintendent of the watch to prohibit the watchmen from taking persons, for their own convenience, to the Night Asylum, who ought to be lodged in Bridewell."

On Saturday last we received the liberal offer contained in the following letter:—

TO MR. EGERTON SMITH.

Fairfield, Warrington, Feb. 5, 1830.

SIR,—Observing in the *Mercury* of this day the great number of houseless poor who are sheltered from the pitiless storm, and the great difficulty of procuring fuel, I beg to give twenty tons of good cannel, which will afford great heat and light: it is now lying at the Union Colliery, St. Helen's, where a cart may be loaded in 15 minutes.

I doubt not that you have many benevolent gentlemen who keep carts and horses, and who would cart it for very little.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JOHN CLARE.

P.S. The carts must go past St. Helen's Church, and then turn to the left: they should bring a note from you. It may be well, in the scarcity of coal, to state that any number of carts may be loaded with good cannel at five pence per cwt. of 120lbs.

"Homines ad Deos nullâ re proprius accedunt, quam salutem hominibus dando."—*Cicero.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—My attention being attracted, by your observations in the *Mercury*, to the asylum for the houseless, I was induced to pay it a visit. From my acquaintance with the general benevolence of your wishes for, as well as labours to promote, the welfare of the distressed, I expected this (to me new object of charity) would be useful to a class of sufferers hitherto below public notice. I was surprised to find it doing so much real good, though in a disorganized and temporary condition, relying upon the casual support of private subscriptions. I found the rooms, early in the morning, literally crammed with individuals. Some clad decently, seeming as if suddenly reduced to the extremity; others "at all points miserable;" yet the whole thankful in comparing the warmth of their situation with the keen frost outside. It pleased me to see how small an effort could make so many (upwards of 100) comfortable,—if not preserving the lives of many delicate females and young children who were thus sheltered. I saw, in a moment, the necessity for an establishment properly adapted to the purpose, and made, if possible, permanent. I have anxiously watched since for the adoption of some plan, upon which steps would be taken to set public charity fairly into motion in this direction. You have from week to week, in your editorial capacity, reasoned forcibly, and appealed eloquently to the feelings of your readers, with much success. But to awaken fully the smpathy of the humane for objects so remote, and to effect a lasting good, much personal activity is requisite. Solicitations and explanations, in person, are often needed where there is no want of principle, but an ignorance of the real nature of the object. However, finding you express in your last *Mercury* a desire that some one, having opportunity and inclination, would step forward and assist you in furthering the interests of this charity, added to my daily visits at the asylum to render any aid I can, I hope it will be no intrusion to desire insertion of the following observations in your columns, nor impertinent in suggesting to the public what I think most proper to be done. I make no pretensions to superior sagacity in this matter: being animated by a desire to do all I can towards making this most needful asylum *permanent*,—at once an ornament to the town, a blessing to the destitute, and a source of true pleasure to every feeling heart. I am experimentally con-

vinced of its necessity and practicability; and feel it my duty, even as a townsman, to be active myself, and, if possible, to animate others to the good work. "*Soyez compatissans pour les malheurs d'autrui.*"

In the first place, I assume that the Liverpool public (whose enlightened liberality so much distinguishes them) are charitably alive to the sufferings of the friendless and destitute, when aware of their condition.

In the second place, then, it requires only that the nature and claims of the present subject (viz., a provision for affording shelter to the houseless, and such medical assistance as urgent cases may require) should be properly brought before the attention of this public, in order that they may render the needful support.

Thirdly, from experience, I am confident that, to awaken this attention, and to give vigorous life and energy to the undertaking, a few persons, who will, gratuitously, step forward, must *begin the movement in concert upon a proper plan.* Each will, then, in his proper place, know his duty and perform it. And what now is nobody's business throughout, and left partly undone, will then be actively attended to.

Let, then, a few active individuals meet and form a temporary committee; meeting when and where they deem expedient.

The plan to start upon may be such as they judge best; each member, of course, offering his opinion.

The plan I would recommend is, in the onset, to lay an address, briefly and forcibly describing the nature of the object to the public, both through the medium of the the newspapers, and by circulars, distributed more particularly by the members of the committee above alluded to, amongst their friends, &c.; sparing no pains, on their part, likely to be useful.

This would shortly lead either to a public meeting, at which the future steps necessary to be taken would be pointed out; or else a sufficient fund might be raised, by the private subscription of those whose interests and sympathies would then be engaged, for the welfare of the undertaking. Look at the success of personal industry and applications of many religious bodies, in promoting their Christian and benevolent purposes. For my own part, I shall not be dispirited, however little good my endeavours may effect, at the onset, but will persevere, being fully assured that success must, sooner or later, crown our exertions. Nor shall I shrink from my duty, doing as much service as I can to the bodies, whilst those just mentioned are so indefatigable to improve the minds of the poor.

I think that a public meeting would fix the matter upon the best and most permanent footing, giving it at once the features of an Institution. However, in case of raising funds, only, the committee would be enabled to act upon a larger scale.

In the address, presented to the public, I would urge the *necessity* of this charity on two principal grounds, namely, morality, and physical safety. 1st, In a moral point of view, much desperate wickedness would be prevented, by affording temporary shelter to many who are suddenly and unexpectedly exposed to utter want; numerous young persons out of place; individuals (men, women, and children) on travel; parents and their young families, turned out of their lodgings by greedy and unfeeling landlords; many who have been in hospitals, and cured, waiting for situations:—these, and others, whose necessities are so urgent that the instant alternative is dreadful—in a moral respect would be prevented from an association with professed villains and night prowlers. 2nd, The physical safety would be ours as well as theirs: in the prevention of desperate means being resorted to, in many cases, to avert death by utter starvation, as well as of robberies and minor rogueries; together with lessening our risks from infection by the contagious diseases arising out of their filthy and depressed condition.—This is by no means a trifling point for our attention, seeing that the cases of fever have not been few at the Asylum, so far.

In the address I would also, in a few words, explain the features of the intended institution, having two principal purposes in view, viz.—1st, shelter for the night; and 2dly, such medical assistance as the cases required. It is not enough that we, by affording lodging to the houseless, preserve them from the sufferings of cold, &c., if we neglect their diseases; to some producing agonizing pain, and in others endangering many, by contact with one or more infected with fever of a contagious nature. Nor is it sufficient that we have an Infirmary, and several public Dispensaries, in these cases. These are for confirmed diseases, requiring a lengthened mode of cure, or for severe accidents, but always a considerable time elapses before the patient can be admitted, in which a prompt treatment would remove, in the greatest number of cases, the diseases at the Asylum. Most of those attacked with disorders, whom I have there visited, suffered under symptoms of abdominal irregularities, which have been removed by a dose of active medicine; or else they have had thoracic affections, requiring such treatment as they may well receive at the Asylum. In some few I have met urgent distress in surgical cases, as hernia, strangury, &c., requiring little more at the time than prompt treatment. In cases of incipient fever, I look to their immediate removal, both for their own advantage and the others' safety. So much for the "necessity," now a few words about its "practicability."

For the first purpose, (shelter,) I mention the necessity for a proper building, with its conveniences, and a person, or persons, to see to its regularity.

For the second, (medical.) The same as to the Infirmary or to the Dispensaries, the medicines are supplied at prime cost; and I will, until I give notice to the contrary, pay every daily attention to the sick, gratuitously.

I cannot estimate, exactly, the annual cost of a proper Asylum for the wants of Liverpool, offering these advantages; but I dare say, at a venture, it would be within £300, which would be supplied by the trifling annual subscription of 1s. 6d. from 4000 housekeepers; I am certain, then, the plan is easily "practicable."

Lastly, the fears of whoever think that such an asylum would congregate vagabonds and prostitutes only, are groundless. I say so both from what I have so far met with there, and from reason. Forlorn, indeed, must be the circumstances of those whose situation is improved by a removal to such a place, even on its best footing. But the abovementioned characters do not stand in need of night shelter. Should they, however, present themselves as objects of suffering from disease, here there can be no deception, and true charity makes no distinction amongst objects of pity.

In a word, the need of such an asylum is not superseded by any charity at present open in Liverpool; and if we must do good to our suffering fellow-creatures, surely we would not deny our assistance to him or to her whose next step, and only alternative, is utter destitution.—I have the honour to remain, your most obedient servant,

ELLIS SWEETLOVE,
Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c. &c.

10, *Great Nelson-street.—Feb.* 4, 1830.

P. S.—I shall leave it in your hands to suggest the best mode of calling a few together, if you think a committee necessary (as I do) in the first instance.

Tide Table.

Days.	*Morn.*		*Even.*		*Height.*		*Festivals, &c.*
	h.	m.	h.	m.	ft.	in.	
Tuesday .. 9			0	7	17	8	
Wednesday 10	0	24	0	41	17	8	
Thursday 11	0	58	1	13	17	3	
Friday 12	1	29	1	45	16	7	Hilary Term Ends.
Saturday .. 13	2	2	2	19	15	8	[tine.
Sunday 14	2	36	2	54	14	6	Sexagesima Sunday Valen-
Monday .. 15	3	15	3	36	13	5	
Tuesday .. 16	4	1	4	28	12	3	

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

WHAT IS GENTILITY?

A MORAL TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER XVI.

The high wages given to those employed in the public buildings, as has been said, determined him to come to Washington. Here he easily found employment. His habits were simple and unexpensive, his books were his sole companions, for among his fellow-labourers he found none whose company could afford pleasure to a mind improved like his. He was thus saved from those temptations to expenditure, in which the earnings of so many of the mechanics were wasted. His were saved and rapidly accumulated; he felt the want of other society than books; his heart yearned for companionship. During a visit he made his father he found what his heart yearned for, and on his return brought with him a good and industrious wife. He had now less temptation than ever to look abroad for the means of relaxation or amusement. His wife, brought up in the same manner as himself, thought and felt as he did. Books filled up the vacancies of labour—they afforded a pleasure as inexhaustible as it was cheap, and Mr. Tilton, as he grew older, grew happier, and wiser, and richer. Would that his success would prompt others to follow his example!

He had two children, Paul and Lydia. As there were at that time no good schools in our infant metropolis, he and his wife taught their children at home, and perhaps in few schools could they have found such able, and in no schools, such faithful, instructors. During their early childhood this task was exclusively the mother's; but as they grew older and sat up later, the father devoted his winter evenings to teaching them the higher branches of education. His lessons were, in truth, designed only for his son, but his little girl, as she sat by the same table with her sewing or knitting, profited almost as much by them as her brother. As soon as he was able to handle tools, they were put into his hands, for his father designed him for his own business, and Lydia, who was the constant companion of her brother, found no toys that amused her half so much as what she found in her father's workshop.

The books on architecture, which soon became a chief branch of Paul's study, were full of pictures, which she not only delighted to look at, but often attempted to copy. As often as her brother missed his rule, his compass, or his pencil, Lydia was sure to know where they were, and when she would draw them from their hiding place, often with them whole sheets of writing paper covered with her sketches and rude designs. Many a scolding did the poor little girl get for neglecting her allotted task of needlework in order to be drawing pictures. But neither scolding nor punishment could break off these *idle habits*, as her mother called them; and few evenings passed in which the pencil, and compass, or rule, of her brother were not to be looked for, and the *big picture books* too, were irresistible temptations to Lydia. She was pronounced to be the most mischievous child alive, and had it not been for her brother's good nature and excessive fondness for her, it is probable that severe reprimands and frequent punishments, inflicted by her parents, might at last have conquered the little girl's love of mischief, or, in other words, the natural taste and restless activity of her mind. But Paul doated on Lydia, and it soon became his greatest delight to teach her all he knew himself. He not only lent her his pencil, but his books, and declared that when she read with him, he understood the subject much better than when he studied alone.

The year that the canal was opened, the bilious fever, common to the climate, assumed a most fatal prevalence, and carried off a number of respectable citizens, among whom were Mr. Tilton and his wife.

Left to himself with his dear sister to support, Paul applied himself with unremitting industry to his business.

He was employed at the capital, and was distinguished from the other workmen, not only by his fidelity and diligence, but his superior skill. There was a neatness and finish in whatever work he executed, that soon attracted the attention of Mr. L-b-e, the architect, who, himself a man of great genius, soon discovered its emanations in another.

He sometimes spoke to young Tilton. The blush that suffused his ingenuous countenance indicated his modesty and sensibility. He sometimes praised him, and the fire that then sparkled in the young man's eye betrayed, to the architect's penetrating glance and sympathetic feelings, the latent genius of the youth. In addition to these circumstances, Mr. L—b—e discovered, in conversing with him, a degree of intelligence and information beyond any thing he had before met with among the mechanics he employed. Paul, in truth, had said but little, but that little was conveyed in a language and manner that showed cultivation of mind. Mr. L—b—e soon assigned to him such pieces of work as required most skill and ingenuity, that often required his instruction, or a reference to books and drawings; for which purpose he would often carry the young mechanic home with him, and finding in him a decided taste for the arts, he took him as a pupil, and never seemed happier than when developing his taste and genius. He lent him not only such books as were connected with his profession, but such as treated of the sister arts of sculpture and painting. Mr. L-b-e had sent to Italy for some sculptors: several artists had arrived, and were now employed on some statues and other embellishments for the capital. Paul was introduced to them, and in order to benefit by and enjoy their society he set about learning the Italian language. One of the young artists was his teacher, and, in return, received lessons in English from Paul.

What a rich store of new enjoyments this opened to the young mechanic! He loved Lydia too well not to share them with her, and though she was one of the best little housewives in the world, she was so eager to learn all her brother could teach, that she never wanted leisure of an evening to attend to his instructions and participate in his pleasures.

Such was the friend whom Charles M'Carty had found by chance, and loved from sympathy. This attraction of sympathy, though it can be defined by none, must be allowed by all; for who is there that has not met with some individual whose first glance revealed to him a friend?

If there be such a one I pity him, for he has never known, nor can know, that identity of soul which constitutes the joy of friendship and the charm of love. So perfect is the union, so fond the attachment, so instantaneous the fellowship, that is produced by this attraction of sympathy, that the only way it can satisfactorily be explained, is by supposing it to be the recognition of souls whose acquaintance commenced in another state of being. The nature of mind is beyond the comprehension of man. Its modes of existing, or its modes of acting, are equally inscrutable. The prisoner immured in a dungeon, from the grated window of which he perceives a few dim rays of the sun, might as well pretend to describe the brightness, the heat, the revolutions, and substance of that luminary, as the soul imprisoned in the body, attempt to define the limits, the powers, or the nature of mind. Besides that of attraction, there are other powers inherent in the principle of sympathy, which would lead the enthusiast, if not the philosopher, to believe that mind can act upon mind, though separated by time and space. Yes, that mind can commune with mind, though divided by seas and mountains!

However fanciful and inexplicable in theory, there are few who have not felt this mysterious influence, and it is certain that our young friends could in no other manner explain the affection they instantly and mutually felt on their first meeting with each other.

Charles had been exploring the labarynthine recesses of the capital, when he opened by chance the door of a remote room. By the dim light that fell from a high window, he saw what he took for the disjointed parts of the human body. Here lay a carcass without limbs—there scattered limbs without a carcass—and here a pallid head. He shrunk back a moment, wondering how a dissecting-room should be located in the capital. Curiosity led him to a closer inspection, and he then discovered he was in the workshop of a sculptor, and that they were but the models, in plaster, of parts of the human body. While he stood considering them, an opposite door was opened by a young man in a labourer's dress, who, on inquiring, informed him the adjoining room was the one in which the sculptor was at work, and that if he chose he might go in. Charles entered. The artist was at work on a large statue, and so absorbed in his occupation that he did not perceive him. A young man of most prepossessing appearance was leaning against the wall, with his eyes intently fixed on the hand of the sculptor,—so motionless that he might himself have been taken for a statue. Charles stood an unobserved and rather an embarrassed spectator, feeling somewhat of an intruder, and too timid to speak. How long this mute scene might have lasted is uncertain, if the artist had not dropped his chisel, and the young man hastily stooped to pick it up: as he rose he saw Charles, who in a few words explained the nature of his visit. The Italian nodded to him to be seated, and went on with his work. The modest Charles hesitated for a moment, and, in the next, the young man had brought him a stool, placed it near the artist, and begged him to sit down. As he accepted the seat he gave an acknowledging look: his eyes met the eyes of the youth. If they had met those of an old friend he could scarcely have felt a more pleasing emotion. There was such a sweetness in the expression of the face, such a cordiality in the tone of the voice, that the expression and the tone went straight to his heart. It was Paul Tilton. Charles passed more than an hour in the sculptor's workshop, examining various objects, and exhibiting such a lively interest, and so much information, that he made the most favourable impression on both the artist and his young companion.

Thus commenced an acquaintance, which soon grew into an enthusiastic friendship. It was at the house of his friend Paul, that Charles now passed his happiest hours. Poetry is near akin to sculpture. Painting, and even architecture, likewise derive their origin from the same sources—imagination and taste; and our young poet, in the company of the artist felt much more at home, than among the fashionables his sister sometimes drew to their house.

One evening after tea, Charles became warmly engaged in a discussion with Paul Tilton, who was sitting in a corner by the fire. Charles's elbow was on the table, and his head leaning on his hand;—Lydia sat on the opposite side of the table, and had her work-basket by her. Charles, in the earnestness of conversation, paid her no attention, but had his eyes fixed on the face of his friend. More than once Charles observed an arch smile steal over Paul's countenance. He wondered at it, as there was nothing in what he said calculated to excite a smile; he paused, and Paul resumed his serious and attentive look. But again; while Charles laboured to establish the disputed point, and became more and more in earnest, his friend not only smiled, but seemed scarcely able to restrain a laugh. He again suddenly paused, and following the glance of his friend's eye, turned and saw Lydia with a sheet of paper before her, and a pencil in her hand. She hastily tried to conceal them. Unwilling to be thought impertinently curious, he turned away his eyes, and again addressed his friend, who for some minutes most gravely attended to him; but soon his smile returned—his attention was diverted, and Charles, angry, again turned to the object that attracted the attention of his antagonist. Lydia's paper was again spread before her, and her pencil at work. Before she could remove it, her brother started up and endeavoured to snatch it from her; she evaded his grasp, and ran from him; he pursued; she leapt from chair to chair with the nimbleness of a squirrel, and the grace of a sylph; Paul called on Charles to assist him, and Lydia, shaking her finger at him, forbade his interference.

The paper now held behind her, now high above her head, now passed over his face, and the instant after, out of his reach. Almost exhausted, her brother had caught her dress, and in another moment would have possessed himself of the contested paper, if, with indescribable agility, she had not disengaged herself and sprung on a table—and from that to a shelf on which were a few scattered books. Her brother, alarmed lest it should give way, stood near with outstretched arms, and unconsciously Charles put himself in the same attitude.

"Surrender," said Paul.

"Never," replied Lydia, while she waved the paper in triumph high above his head.

Paul for a moment forgot his purpose, lost in admiration of her light and beautiful form. Her comb, in the struggle, had fallen from her head, and her flaxen ringlets hung in rich profusion over her shoulders;—her colour was heightened by exercise, and her eyes sparkling with animation. One arm was stretched out, waving the disputed paper—the other rested for support on a pile of books beside her.

"Do not move—do not change that attitude," exclaimed her brother. "Look, Charles, would she not make a fine figure for Fame, wafting abroad the historic page, which you may suppose she has just torn from one of those volumes?"

"I should rather have said, like Iris, with a message from the skies," replied he.

"Make room, then," replied the playful girl, "while I descend with it to the earth;" and before they could prevent her, she sprung to the floor.

Ere she could recover herself, her brother caught her in his arms, and almost made himself master of the paper, when extricating the hand in which it was held, she reached it to Charles—

"Say yes to what I ask, and you shall have it, Mr. M'Carty," said Lydia—

"Yes," eagerly answered he—

"Will you burn, without looking at it?"

Though his fallen looks betrayed his disappointment, he pronounced the promised yes, and Lydia delivered the paper to him, saying, "I would trust your simple word, sooner than I would trust the oath, sworn on bended knees, by any other mortal."

"And such confidence can never be betrayed," said Charles, throwing the paper into the flames.

"What a fool you are," said Paul. "Do you suppose a poet or painter wishes to be taken at their word?—pretended modesty;—believe me, you little know what you have destroyed."

"Does Miss Lydia write poetry?"

"No, but Miss Lydia draws pictures, and who knows but that was one that might have immortalized her?"

"Brother, brother," said Lydia, shaking her finger at him in a threatening manner, while with her eyes she implored his forbearance.

"Oh, it would be cruel, unjust, to conceal your talent."

She staid to hear no more, but ran out of the room, and, in so doing, knocked down a portfolio that lay on a chair. Charles stooped to pick up the scattered papers. On the first, on the second, on the third, that he picked up, he saw his own face and figure drawn in various attitudes.

Charles turned away his face covered with blushes, while Paul adjusted the paper, saying, "After all, the secret's out!" At first he laughed heartily at the accident, but suddenly checking his mirth, he turned, and seizing his friend's hand,—"Charles," said he, "I depend on you as I do on myself. Forget what you have seen, and never let Lydia suspect the discovery you have made."

"Never!" replied Charles, with deep and strong emotion.

(To be continued.)

Poetry.

MEMORY.

Ah, no! it cannot, cannot be,
And contrast deepens sadness;
And dreams of past felicity,
Oh, they are dreams of madness!
It is as if from Hade's shades
The lost might look on heaven;
Then back where tenfold night pervades,
Return, yet unforgiven!

It were as in a land of light,
The spirit, freed, might wander;
Permitted on th' empyreum bright
A moment brief to ponder;
Permitted one absorbing gaze,
Then earthward rudely driven,
And fled that vision's glorious blaze,
Sink to its mortal leaven!

Oh! Memory has her crown of thorns,
Her rack, and her despair;
And still the heart instinctive turns,
As loth to linger there;
And forward it were wise to look,
Nor cast one glance behind,
Since ill may retrospection brook
The keenly sensate mind.

Then be Oblivion's mantle thrown
Impervious o'er the past,
Nor shadows of those days return,
Too rich in joys to last!
For why again the dead recal,
And barb the dart anew?
Why seek the flower to weep its fall,
The rose, to blend with rue?

On, onward aye direct thy course,
And Memory bid begone;
For in her train, with giant force,
Come all the ills we mourn;
Or if perchance a sunny spot
Reveal its halcyon light,
Fast falling tears its radiance blot,
And mar its beauties quite!

Pleasures of Memory!—What are they?
The pastimes of our youth?
Dear childhood's joyous season gay,
When all that *seemed*, was *truth*?—
No more, no more!—Beyond life's morn
And pleasure yields to pain;
Lives through all time the pointed thorn;
The rose has transient reign.

Liverpool. G.

A HYMN ON THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Jehovah! Jehovah! arise and be feared!
Oh, seize on thy thunders, and crush thy proud foes;
The standard of conflict the nations have rear'd,
The cry of despair and revenge has arose.

The earth is abandoned! Oh, come in thy glory!
On clouds of the sky, in thy chariot of fire!
On the altar of idols the victim is gory,
Oh, blast the foul offering! Oh, come in thine ire!

Thy Sabbaths are broken, thine altars profan'd,
The place where thou lovedst to dwell is no more,
Its marble-pav'd floor with pollution is stain'd,
Oh, spare us, Almighty, oh come, we implore!

Jerusalem weep, for thine hour is at hand!
Away with the spear! thy God fights for the foe,
Alas, for the glory of Judah! the land
Where the might of the Gentile was ever laid low!

Rome, Rome, though thy banners are flouting the air,
Though thy right hand is stain'd with the blood that thou'st shed,
Oh, trust not to fortune! the hour is not far
When thyself at the feet of thy slaves shall fall dead.

Oh, I see that dark hour when thy walls shall be rased,
When the smoke of thy temples shall mount to the sky,
When thy might and thy glory no more shall be prais'd,
When thy fields and thy vineyards in ruin shall lie.

Oh, then think of Judah, the captive, the slain!
May my curses remain a deep blight on thy soul!
May they sting in thy bosom, and burn in thy brain,
When the waves of destruction around thee shall roll!

How oft have I seen yon red orb pour his light
On the smooth-flowing waves of blue Jordan's deep tide;
Oh, that now his bright glory were quenched in night!
Jerusalem fall'n he seems to deride.

These hills where the songs of the shepherds were heard,
When their flocks down beneath in the valleys were feeding,
With the cry of destruction and ruin are stirred,
With the shrieks of the dying, the fall'n and bleeding.

Behold how yon flame throws its flash to the sky!
And illumines the wood's deepest gloom with its fire,
Our Temple! our Temple! Oh, hark to the cry!
Farewell to our glory! farewell to my lyre!

Liverpool, 30th *Jan.* 1830. C.

A FEW OF REFLECTION'S SHADOWS.

We dwell upon our early days
With melancholy pleasure;
When Hope shot forth her brightest rays,
And life appeared a treasure.

When care not yet disturbed the breast,
Nor trouble touched the heart;
When school alone the mind opprest,
And seemed the hardest part:—

All now appear but as a dream,
A vision bright of air;
As happiest hours gone by they're seen,
Now little left but care.

With our companions on life's streams,
What changes have transpired;
Fortune on some with favour beams,
To Fame some have aspired.

But, ah, the rest, where have they gone?
All sunk! no more to rise,
Save but to answer what they've done
In courts beyond the skies.

As life is so uncertain then,
Fickle, false we find;
Let us but fix our hopes on heaven,
And leave all else behind,

The tempests of this boisterous life
Then would cease to harm;
God would protect us in the strife,
And guard from all alarm.

Liverpool, Nov. 23, 182[illegible] M.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I can give no other answer to *Plug's* question than this, namely, that 142857142857 1-7th, when reduced to an improper fraction, and divided by 7, gives $\frac{49}{7}$ 1000000000000, which is evidently the square of 1000000, or 142857 1-7th. A recurrence of figures similarly situated may be obtained by dividing 1 by 7.

Middlewich. H. S.

Miscellanies.

CURLING.

As this is the curling season, the following article on the subject, from the *Dumfries Courier*, will, we trust, prove acceptable to our readers, especially those from the other side of the Tweed.—*Edit. Kal.*

The time is not distant when the game of curling was little known out of Scotland, or even within it, benorth the Forth. But the taste for this manly sport has increased greatly of late years, and in various parts of England, as well as of America, the broom and the channel-stone are put in requisition with the same regularity that winter comes round. In the course of last year, several hundred pairs of stones were exported to Canada; and, it may be worthy of remark, that the best material for the manufacture of these is found at Ailsa Crag, (one of the most remarkable rocks in the world,) and particularly on the side of it facing Girvan. To fashion and balance the stones properly, requires a pretty good workman, and the few that are known to excel in the art, have great reason to be satisfied with their earnings.

In the whole range of rural sports, I know nothing more exhilarating than a *spiel* on the ice, where the players are numerous and well matched,—the stakes a dinner of beef and greens, and the forfeit the honour of rival parishes. Whether we mingle with the eager throng, or perambulate on the banks of the frozen lake, on the principle, that "distance lends enchantment to the view," the scene abounds with points of interest, that might well afford scope for the pencil of a Wilkie, or the pen of a Scott. First, we have the icy arena itself, scooped at the bottom of some quiet vale, fringed with reeds, from which the wild duck rises whirring on the wing, and skirted with alders, whose beautifully feathered and fantastic tops seem even more engaging than when nursed into foliage by the beams of May. All around is blank and dreary,—the snow-flake freezes as fast as it falls,—the sun seems level with the horizon's verge,—the hills make the spectator cold to look at them; and every thing, in a word, conspires to complete the picture of a winter's day. But the courage of men, bent on the favourite amusement of curling, is not easily damped by the inclemency of the elements; on the contrary, their spirits seem to mount as the thermometer falls, and nothing pleases them more than a feeding storm, and, along with that, the prospect of a long lease of "their roaring play." Arrived at the scene of action,—all is bustle and animation till the stones have been disturbed, assorted, claimed,—rinks measured, tramps fastened, tees fixed, and the order of battle completely arranged; and, as these preliminaries are speedily settled, to it the parties set, with all the anxiety of those who contend for a much higher prize. Lots, perhaps, are cast for the first shot; and sometimes the greatest novice is allowed to trundle the first stone; and, should his arm lack the proper pith, that instant a dozen brooms are raised to help the laggard over the *hogg score*. A second, a third, and a fourth succeeds, and so on, till the line stretches a tolerable length, though not by any means to the "crack of doom;" and each man is warned, by his respective friends, to plant, if possible, an excellent guard,—dislodge this stone, and cover that,—open up one port, and close another,—play soft or strong, outside or inside, as the occasion may require,—and steer as closely by the signal broom, as the mariner, when warned by similar devices, threads his watery way, through sand-banks and shallows. As the sport deepens, it is amusing to contrast the bustle that obtains in one little spot with the stillness that broods over the external world; while the hills above are silent and dark, the shining lake below is instinct with life, and resounds with sounds of mirth and glee, which, borne along on the elastic air, invade the solemn loneliness that reigns around, till echo itself takes up the tale, and repeats, in broken fragment, the curler's vocabulary. At length, as the more veteran players advance to decide the fate of the *side*, the interest becomes intense, and gives rise to so many calculations of what is to be done and what avoided, such bustling to and fro, as must appear a perfect mystery to the uninitiated. The last wary shot booms athwart the ice as if impelled by magic, and while every port to an on-looker seems closed, finds its ways under the guidance of a powerful arm and steady eye, through passages rivalling the intricacy of the walls of Troy. Then follow the shout of victory and the murmur of defeat, till the contest is renewed under the mingled emotions of hope and fear—the vanquished trusting that the tables will be turned, and the conquerors confident they will remain the same. At this stage of the business, which may be aptly

enough described as "act the first" of the curling drama, the "gray-beard" is appealed to, and the glass handed round, accompanied by rations of bread and cheese—appliances which custom renders needful; and when the combatants, while flapping their benumbed hands, feel their stomachs warmed and their strength recruited, to work again they set with fresh vigour—the one party bent on recovering the ground they unfortunately lost, and the other determined to retain the laurels they have already won. In a trice the eager players are marshalled, and the broom put in requisition as before; again the stones boom away, meandering here, meeting there, and whirling from the collision like the urchin's top at school; again shot succeeds shot, and game follows game, until the conclusion of the *bonspiel*, or the approach of evening proclaims that it is time the sport should surcease, and the combatants wend their way to the nearest *clauchan*, to enjoy their favourite feast of beef and greens. And now the scene changes entirely, though as the savoury viands load the board, all feel the effects of the keen mountain air, and make so good a use of their time while the opportunity serves, that the business of eating becomes nearly as noisy as the business of play; rounds of corned beef, flagons of home-brewed, disappear with a rapidity that is truly astonishing, and of which no adequate idea can be formed by persons whose appetites were never whetted by a day on the ice. But the clamour of dining ceases at last, and anon the *reeking* bowl shines like a planet of the first magnitude, the glasses like satellites that reflect its light; the song, the laugh, and the jocund tale go round; the leaders of the spiel, the heroes of the well-fought icy field, are pledged in bumpers filled to the brim; and as the morning's exploits are discussed and re-discussed, and new plans formed for the morrow, even the most inexperienced feel the influence of the *esprit de corps*, and fight all their battles over again. The storm without gives additional zest to the revelry within; spring, summer, and autumn, are the seasons of toil—winter the appropriate period of rest; and every hardy yeoman who has done his duty, who had gone to bed late, and risen betimes, till his crops were in the barn-yard, and his cattle in the stall, so far from brooding over the evils of high rents and falling markets, trusts that better days are in store for him, that he will be spared to see many a Christmas come round, when he may give care to the winds, by yielding unresistingly to the spirit of the times, and float down the current of universal festivity.

COALS—FUEL—OLD SHIP-TIMBER.

It may not be amiss to remind the public, at this period of scarcity of coal, that there is an abundant supply of excellent fire-wood in the ship-carpenters' yards. On Saturday se'nnight, apprehensive that the inmates of the Night Asylum might run short of coal, we purchased some capital junks of old ship-timber at one of the building-yards, where there was a stock of at least fifty cart loads. If the frost should continue, it would be an excellent speculation to send cart loads of this fuel round the town, to counteract the greediness of those who, taking advantage of the frost, have more than doubled the cost of country coals. The price we paid for wood fuel was sixteen shillings for a large cartful.—The following paragraph is copied from a contemporary:

"The principal source of supply of coal by the canal is entirely cut off, and though there are hundreds of carts bringing coals from Burscough and the pits in the neighbourhood of Prescot, the supply is far from being adequate to the demand, and the price has risen from 14s. 6d. to 24s. per ton. We hope that this will be the last time that the town will be subject to this inconvenience. When the railway is finished the communication with the collieries and with Manchester will be kept open all the year, and in all kinds of weather."

In addition to the preceding paragraph from the Tuesday's paper, we have to observe that application is to be made immediately to Parliament to obtain a bill for a railroad from Wigan to Newton, to form a junction with the Liverpool and Manchester line. If this bill should be granted, and it would be a libel on the Parliament to doubt it, the best coals in the county may be had in any quantity, however severe the frost may be. The Prescot carters were lately selling their coals, as we are assured, for one shilling a hundred, while the very best coal from Earl Balcarras's mines, may be had delivered in Liverpool at twenty-five shillings a ton, although the expense of carriage and turnpikes is about seventeen shillings. This is a laudable effort made by Earl Balcarras to accommodate his customers during this severe frost.—Whilst we are on the subject of coals, we shall ask one question at the risk of being laughed at. If, as we presume, the Liverpool and Leeds Canal is so completely frozen as to bear under the bridges, could not coals be brought in sledges or other vehicles on the ice?

HEADS OF ENGLISH HISTORY IN VERSE,

WITH A MNEMONIC DOGGREL COUPLET CONTAINING THE YEAR IN WHICH EACH KING ASCENDED THE THRONE.

(Continued from our last.)

EDWARD III. SURNAMED OF WINDSOR. 1327.

For Edward the Third, as historians relate,
The love and respect of his subjects were great,
In France and in Scotland most bravely he fought,
And their Monarchs as pris'ners to England he brought.
He built Windsor Castle; and, writers have stated,
The Knights of the Garter by him were created.
To science and merit his name was endear'd:
And now the Reformer, John Wickliffe, appear'd.

Before Third Ned's valour the pride of France sunk;
In the field he was greater than Cromwell or MoNK.
3 2 7*

* Of the very few mnemonic words to represent 327, Monk is by far the best, and we have therefore adopted it, although it has subjected us to a kind of anachronism in comparing Edward to Cromwell or Monk. The very oddity of the parallel will, however, as in mnemonical associations generally, tend to impress the word on the memory.—*Edit. Kal.*

RICHARD II. SURNAMED OF BORDEAUX. 1377.

King Richard the Second, as we have been told,
Ascended the throne when eleven years old.
Wat Tyler's rebellion he soon overthrew;
Yet he proved himself weak and impolitic too.
His Barons took arms and resisted his power,
And forced him to seek a retreat in the Tower.
His crown he resign'd, but resign'd it in vain,
For at Pontefract Castle poor Richard was slain.

Poor Richard the Second experienc'd a shock,
When his kinsman so proud made his sceptre a MoCK.
3 7 7

NUMEROUS FRAUDS having been practised on the Public by unprincipled Shopkeepers, in imposing BASE IMITATIONS of MACASSAR OIL of injurious qualities, instead of the Genuine,

A. ROWLAND AND SON,
Sole Proprietors of the Genuine,

Desirous of protecting the Public from Impositions, respectfully solicit Ladies and Gentlemen, on purchasing, not to take any without being inclosed with a Pamphlet in a wrapper, sealed at each end with the Name and Address, and signed on the Label in Red.

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This Oil is composed of Vegetable ingredients, which *preserves the Hair*, to the latest period of life—promotes a luxuriant growth; produces lasting and beautiful Curls, which damp weather or exercise cannot affect; renders Hair that is harsh and dry, soft, silky, glossy, elegant, and beautiful; is invaluable in the Nursery, as due attention to Children's Hair is of the greatest importance; produces WHISKERS, EYEBROWS, &c.

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By its soothing and ameliorating properties it immediately allays the smarting irritability of the skin produced by Cold Winds or damp atmosphere; assuages Inflammation; heals harsh and rough Skin; removes Cutaneous Eruptions, and produces a beautiful Complexion; it affords soothing relief to Ladies nursing their Offspring in healing Soreness; and Gentlemen, after shaving, will find it allay the smarting pain, and render the Skin smooth and pleasant: thus to the Traveller, whose avocations expose him to various changes of weather, it proves an infallible specific, a prompt resource, and, as conducing to comfort, a pleasing appendage and invaluable acquisition.

Sold in Half-pints at 4s. 6d. each, and Pints at 8s. 6d. each.

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Scientific Notices.

LECTURES ON ANATOMY,
AS APPLICABLE TO THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

LECTURE I.—CONCLUDED.

We have seen that anatomy presents perfect mechanical models; we have seen that there are mechanical motions; but we have heard them described generally: we will now proceed to examine them more in detail, when we shall find them subject to the same laws as mechanism, and offering to the operative mechanic models worthy of his imitation.

First, however, in order that you may clearly understand this subject, it will be necessary to preface some general anatomical explanations, which will be illustrated by comparisons with parts of machinery.

The body is composed of several systems, intimately combined with each other, and working so closely and harmoniously that the injury of one will disturb all the others; and these great systems are subdivided into minor ones. The minor systems are formed of different organs, and these organs are constructed of what are called membranes. There are the same things in machinery, as will soon be seen; but they are not so systematic, nor so beautiful, nor so perfect. The great living systems are the following:—First, the circulation of the blood; second, nutrition; third, intellect; fourth, the system of the senses; fifth, that of motion, &c.; but all the minor systems have particular machines, adapting them for the respective work of their parts.

I have said there are analogous parts in machinery. Let us take a machine (a steam-engine, for example) to compare with, and illustrate, these parts of the animal body.

The whole of the machinery and power resembles a great system of the animal body, and, in fact, may be so called. Power and matter are so closely connected that it is impossible to separate them with impunity, either in living bodies or dead; so that, in speaking of mechanism, one includes, as it is naturally found, the power and machine, or matter. The minor systems of the steam-engine will be found in the boiler, cylinder, and piston, beam and fly-wheel, if a rotatory motion be required; or beam and some other contrivance, if some other kind of motion be wanted. These minor systems of machinery, like those of the human body, have each particular powers, and are subject to different laws; but the action of one can raise that of another; and the wrong action or injury of the one will derange or entirely stop the others, in these respects resembling the actions of the human machine; the disturbance of one will disturb the others, causing a fever; or totally stop them, causing death. The minor systems of the body are formed of several parts, called organs, or vessels, as the boiler of a steam-engine is composed of several parts, to render it complete, and to cause it to give assistance to the other parts of the machinery. In the boiler, a minor system of the steam-engine, we find a tube, with a suitable cock, or valves, to conduct, and by its governor, to regulate the course of the steam to the cylinder, the float to regulate the quantity of water in the boiler, the safety valve and the large tube rising from near the bottom of the boiler. These may be mentioned as so many parallel instances of mechanism called organs in animal beings, but very deficient, very imperfect in every respect, when compared with the design and workmanship of living organs. Admirable as the design and mechanism of these engines are, they appear ill-framed, bulky, clumsy, and unconnected things, when placed near the beautiful, well-adapted, and compact organs of living animals, and show us that the framers are yet ignorant of those laws of natural philosophy by which living organs are built and endowed with power.

We have much to learn from observing Nature's laws; and science is yet in her infancy. "Knowledge is power;" but how immense will that power be when science is more advanced, and the art of the mechanic more perfect!

The organs or machines of the body are formed of what are called membranes, so that the membranes of life are the fundamental parts, the ground-work, the structure, the materials by which living bodies are built. There are corresponding parts in machinery, which are the simple substance from which the hand of the workman forms the various parts, or, if you will, the organs and systems of the machine. In the steam-engine it will be superfluous to mention them as being the iron, steel, brass, leather, wood, &c.

From this explanation you are now enabled to attach correct ideas and draw accurate notions of the words, systems, organs, and membranes, and also from your knowledge of mechanics partly to understand the laws of life, or technically, physiology, which are, in fact, only the highest perfection of the common laws of natural philosophy. But look at the different substances, or membranes, of living and dead machines, and ask yourselves which of these kinds is the best adapted for the manufacture of machines? Decidedly the material of animal life. Here we find concentrated in the least space a much higher degree of moving power than can be found in any dead material used for the fabrication of machines, as well as the same part possessing other powers also tending indirectly to facilitate motion and increase force, not to mention the resistance it offers to its own friction, and its power of self-preservation and self-reparation, which I am afraid is beyond the ingenuity of man ever to accomplish.

Animal structure appears soft, yielding, and easily torn; but a muscle, when dead, is readily torn by a weight, which, when alive, it could raise with the greatest facility. A Frenchman was condemned to death, and to have his limbs torn asunder by four powerful horses yoked to each extremity; but they were unable to separate the limbs from the trunk—the resisting muscles prepared to encounter a mighty force, refused to yield, though the horses pulled with their utmost efforts, and were urged on by lashes from the brutes who drove them. This miserable being hung in agony, suspended in the air, between the pulling horses, and at last the muscles were obliged to be cut, and separated from the limbs, before the horses could, by severing them from the trunk, execute the bloody decree. This shocking barbarity, against which every gentle feeling of human nature revolts, was perpetrated by the orders of a tyrant in those uncivilized, semi-barbarous, and ignorant ages in which Europe was once buried; when the voice of one, such a wretched being as a tyrant, could make millions of men to tremble and obey his single command; but now these ugly blots of the human species feel that knowledge is power, and dare not exhibit such characters as we find disgracing the pages of history in those days of olden time, when the rays of knowledge were not diffused. The march of mind, let it be ridiculed by littleness, stupidity, and ignorance, is the sure protector of our liberties, the impassable barrier against barbarism, anarchism, and libertinism,—the beneficent dispenser of our comforts, happiness, and greatness. But to return.

It is by an assemblage of these different membranes, forming the varied assemblage of the different organs and connected systems, that an animal body is constituted; and it is by their actions that is constituted the life of the machine. In the same manner it is the assemblage of all the different parts of the steam-engine, as the fire, boiler, water, steam, pistons, &c., which form the steam-engine, and it is the united work of these parts which is the power, or, if you will, the life of the machine.

In machinery we find some part more important than the rest; and though some of the outworks may be varied, or even wanting, this part is always there; it is indispensable. So it is in animal bodies; there is an organ more general than the rest, and never wanting,—this is the stomach; the source of nutrition; the maker of life for the body already formed; and the centre of all our sensations. It is the grand characteristic between vegetable and animal beings: vegetables possess it not, while animals, even the lowest, are endowed with it. The lowest animal in creation has a bell-shaped digesting cavity. It consists simply of a stomach, and nothing else. This organ (the stomach) is the principal animal laboratory, where animal chemistry is seen in perfection: food is here converted into a living fluid: but in the higher classes of animals it is also the centre of the nutritive system.

In man we find appendages attached to it, as preparatory organs; these are the mouth, teeth, and glands: here the food is ground, cut, and pulverized, or, as we say, chewed by the teeth; and during this process it is mixed with a white, frothy, saline fluid, flowing from the glands placed along the jaw.

When this preparatory process is finished, the alimentary morsel is transmitted from the back of the mouth into a long cylindrical and muscular pipe, communicating between the stomach and mouth, called the œsophagus, and situated behind the windpipe.

The pulpy food is now placed in the stomach, where commences the beautiful work of animal chemistry,—the process of digestion. The food here, by the mixture of animal juices furnished by the stomach, and by its work, is now changed into a living substance, semi-fluid, pulpy, and whiteish, called chyme.

In man, as there are preparatory organs, so are there finishing ones; and these are the intestines, a series of cylindrical tubes. The pulpy substance in the stomach, the chyme, is not perfectly animalized, but is now sent into the small intestines which adjoin the stomach, and here animal chemistry is continued and perfected. Into this part, at the same time with the entrance of the chyme, are poured the bile and the pancreatic juice, by small pipes, which conduct these fluids from the liver and pancreas respectively. These substances are subjected to the chemical action of the small intestines; a separation is made between the really nutritive parts, which are useful for all the purposes of the animal economy, and those which are injurious or useless, while, at the same time, the nutritive part, or chyme, is made more and more animalized; its nature approximates more and more to the properties of animal substances, and this is called chyle. The chyle is now absorbed by small vessels, called lacteals, which have their mouths opening on the velvety surface of the intestinal mucous membrane, ready to receive the nutritive substance, or chyle, and transmit it through their canals into the veins, where it is formed into blood, by which the various structures of the body are built, and maintained, and from which the various exhalations are made. But the innutritive part of the food is now sent through a valve into the large intestines, where it assumes all the odour and character of excrement, and this, by the mechanical action of the muscles, is sent out of the body.

The chyle now diffused amidst the circulating blood, flows along with it, to be rendered, by the processes of animal chemistry, still more perfect; for it is to be observed that the veinous blood is not fit for the maintenance of the powers of the animal machine, nor fit for the buildings of the body. The veinous blood is formed, besides the chyle, of all the parts of the body which have performed their role in the actions of life; for it is to be remarked, that, in the living body, there are constant changes, and successive renewals of its various structures, and also the removal of the old parts. For this purpose there is a system of vessels called absorbents, which are completely studded over the body, acting like myriads of busy labourers, like myriads of living pumps. The blood thus formed by the combination of the chyle and the old parts of the body, is of a veinous character, and of a deep purplish colour, with a difference in the composition of its matter. This kind of blood circulates in the veins, which transmit it into one part of the heart, from whence it is forwarded, chiefly, by the mechanical force of the heart, into the lungs, to be again chemically changed, by exposure to the influence of atmospheric air.

The change thus effected is favourable and wonderful, for the blood now assumes an arterial character, and becomes of a deep scarlet colour, with properties highly nutritive for the formation of the body, and highly vital for its support, and other uses. The blood thus altered is sent back into another department of the heart, to be distributed throughout all the body by a series of cylindrical tubes called arteries, whose small branches are the workers of formation and secretion. The blood then fairly performs the circle of the body, entering into every part and giving it life; it receives in its veins all the useless and worn-out parts collected in every quarter by the absorbents, and all the food collected by the lacteals from the intestines, which it pours into the veinous chamber of the heart, where it rests not, but is sent into the lungs. After traversing the lungs we find it conducted by vessels into another chamber of the heart, from whence it is propelled throughout the body by the arteries whose small tubes communicate with the veins. Such is the course of the circulation.

These are the most important and the most vital systems possessed by the great majority of animal creation, and defended with care. In man we find the principal parts lodged in the chest and belly, where they are well defended by bone and thick masses of muscles.

As we advance in the great scale of animation, we find still greater advances towards perfection, and that the higher classes of animals have superadded machinery to transport them from place to place—the system of locomotion; but in the more perfect animals there is still added an intelligent power to direct these movements, and this is the mind, whose mechanism is the brain. Among these, man occupies the highest rank; his brain has the most intelligence, and his nervous matter the most sensibility and volition. The centre of the locomotive and sensitive system is the brain and spinal chord, also well defended by bone, being seated in the bony cavity of the skull and spinal canal; but though we have the means of knowing when to move, and the means of willing or wishing to move, it is necessary to have mechanism to effect motion, and Nature has provided these means in the muscles and bones. The bones are the walls of animal buildings, and the pillars which sustain and support all the other parts. The extremities of bones are variously shaped, and are evidently formed for motion; but the surfaces being rough, they are not calculated for easy gliding; Nature, however, has tipped them with a smooth, polished, elastic structure, called cartilege or gristle. Moving surfaces produce friction, but every one knows that this is diminished by oil, and Nature has here covered the gristles with a membrane preparing the synovia, or joint oil, an oiley fluid very slippery and lubricating. The joints are firmly secured by bands of strong elastic matter surrounding them, called ligaments, bands so arranged as to admit freely all those motions which the mechanical construction of the joint will permit. By this mechanism joints gain equal security and facility of motion, but they are, moreover, wisely endowed with so small a degree of sensibility, that notwithstanding the violent pression and rapid motion which their office obliges them to sustain and undergo, they never or rarely produce during their actions painful sensations.

Thus we see a machine admirably calculated for motion; but bones cannot move of themselves, and therefore we find them provided with moving powers, or muscles. The muscles are soft, fibrous, or fleshy ropes, into which enter the nerves, giving them a certain kind of sensation endowing them with volition, and establishing a communication between them and the brain, and between the different muscles respectively. The nerves establish a bond of communication between all the different parts and organs of the body; and by its sensation gives to the brain intelligence of their state, of their feelings, of their existence, and also of the existence of the whole body itself. Man is conscious of his own existence by sensation; but those animals which possess not a nervous system know not their being, nor the existence of their different parts

In them the digestive system, and that of the circulation, are without sensitive communication, and without a general consciousness of existence.

Between all these organs, separating and somewhat connecting them, is a structure, soft, full of cells, rather elastic, sometimes loaded with fat, called the cellular tissue, while externally the parts of the body are clothed, as a defending or sensitive surface, or both, with a structure varying in different animals; in man it is a delicate sensitive skin, with some hair; in animals, a thick skin, with much hair or wool; in birds, skin and feathers; and in fishes, skin and scales; but in many species of beings, particularly fishes, shell or bone.

Such is a general view of the animal economy,—such is animal mechanism; such, in a general manner, is man; of a stature moderate and perpendicular, of motions commodious and variable, and of vital actions agreeable and pre-eminent. But it is man, as a living being,—it is the human machine in action, that we must regard. We should judge badly of living machinery, if we regarded solely animal beings dead; our knowledge would be extremely imperfect—imperfect is a word too feeble, our knowledge would be false, and not only false, but nothing. In common machinery, by seeing their various parts connected, by seeing their materials and examining their forms, we should form, from laws already known, a tolerably correct notion of its work and power; but to know the machinery of man, it must be studied living and dead.

Life and death. Let us explain these terms; for the idea of life is one of those terms general and obscure, the consequence of phenomena which are succeeding each other in a constant order, and maintaining with each other a mutual connexion. It is the most exalted degree of mechanic action. If we examine a complicated engine in action, we see a series of phenomena succeeding each other with motions mutually connected and mutually influencing each other; and we see also materials which, to a certain degree, resist the destroying actions of external agencies, and preserve their primitive matter and distinguishing characters. Such is it with man;—but, in the highest degree of perfection, by his life he excites and maintains his actions; and by his life he also maintains his noble form and commanding character. Every thing in nature is in motion; and we observe that the action of bodies tends mutually to change each other's matter, but that every substance is gifted with a certain degree of resistance. Chemistry, physics, and mechanics have unravelled some of these laws: a piece of iron exposed to humidity and the atmosphere, will, for a certain length of time, still remain iron; but shortly, by the action of bodies in contact with it, its nature is changed—it becomes a new compound, losing the characters of the original metal; it is no longer iron, but it is its rust, or its oxide. We are surrounded with bodies tending to our destruction; but our bodies, and all which have life more or less marked, have, likewise, this power of preservation and resistance, possessing these properties to a much higher degree than mere inorganic matter, preserving their form and structure with greater steadiness, with greater energy, and resisting the laws of those bodies surrounding them, and tending to change them. Living bodies do more than these;—they testify their superiority, they show their greater power by overcoming the laws of other bodies, and converting, by animal attraction, affinity, and chemistry, these matters to their own maintenance and use. As long, therefore, then, as organized matter maintains and supports the actions of its various organs; and as long, therefore, as it resists the action of surrounding agents, making them subservient or harmless, so long will that organized matter inherit vitality. But the very moment this organized matter undergoes certain incompatible changes, so that its action ceases, it no longer resists the action of external agencies, but, like the iron rusted by moisture, its matter soon becomes changed, and decomposition commences. In a word, it is dead. Let us examine the contrast between life and death; let us take, for example, the body of a woman in a state of youth and beauty. When alive, we see her form rounded and voluptuous; her movements supple, easy, and graceful; her body warmed with an agreeable heat, and bedewed with a scarcely perceptible moisture; her cheeks tinted with the roses of pleasure; her lips smiling and expressive; her eyes lighted with the fire of love, or brilliant with the sparklings of genius; her face sportive with pleasure, animated with noble feelings, or softened into tenderness,—she appears the enchantress of our life, the affectionate softener of our woes, the gay partaker of our joys, and, in short, we see formed a being altogether lovely and delightful. In an instant we often see destroyed this being of loveliness; the beautiful forms of pleasure are gone for ever, the body loses its gentle heat, it is cold and clammy, the muscles sink, and the rude rough surfaces of bones are left projecting; movement is lost; she lies stiff and motionless; her eyes are glassy and dull, her cheeks and lips are livid, with a face ghastly in expression. But these changes are only the preludes of those still more horrible,—the action of external agencies commences its work of destruction—decomposition rapidly advances, and putrefaction is smelt; the flesh passes into an unnatural state of blueness, greenness, and blackness—it attracts humidity, undergoes new affinities, generates new compositions, and the worm gnaws its portion, infecting emanations arise, putrid fluids flow, and, in a little while, all is dissipated, leaving nothing but earthly and saline principles, with a few other elements dispersed in air, or diffused in water, to enter into new combinations, and assist in the preservation of that world of which it once formed a living part, and the brightest ornament. This is death; in the first stage we are insensibly attracted into her presence—she is then alive; but in the second, we suddenly shrink from it with instinctive dread—she is then dead.

What is death? It is the cessation of the actions of life; it is the total stoppage of all the vital mechanic actions. It is evident that the decomposition and other changes are the effects naturally resulting from the action of air, moisture, heat, and, in short, of all those bodies which, during the actions of life, were resisted or made useful.

Indeed all the actions and all the properties of life are those of common matter, and among the principal of these we find affinities, or attractions, by which the different particles of organized bodies are vitally united together; and amongst these also we find those laws of repulsions which reject or resist the action of other bodies. These properties are, in short, vital affinity, or vital attraction, an infinitely superior degree of that attracting power which regulates the movement of the heavenly bodies, and of that chemical affinity which consolidates the union of minor masses. Throughout all nature there are distributed two powers, attraction or affinity, and repulsion; but different bodies possess different degrees of them: hence arises that difference in the union of bodies, and, in some measure, the resistance they offer to form new affinities, and to enter into new compounds. Bodies retain their present state by the united action of these two powers; and so does also animal matter, which, during its life, is noted for its strong possession of them.

Besides simple vital affinity and repulsion, animal beings are endowed with those kinds of general imponderable fluids found abounding in the matter of inanimate nature, as heat and electricity. All bodies have, inherent, a certain degree of heat, which chemistry has divided into two —latent heat and sensible. The same is the case in animal bodies; for, we observe that, during life, a certain degree of temperature is preserved, and constantly maintained; but that after death this power is lost, and the heat, like every other part, is subject to the various action of surrounding agencies. In living bodies there is heat, both latent and sensible, which, to a certain degree, as far as is compatible with the existence of vitality, is obedient to the laws of common matter, but here, too, animal living matter manifests its superiority; for, in addition to the heat, latent and sensible, there is the heat of sensation. Sensation here acts as a living thermometer, giving notice of the heat and action then existing. The latent heat differs not from that of common matter, and is made sensible somewhat in the same manner; but the sensible heat is, rarely, much elevated. The heat of the human blood at the centre of the circulation, the heart, as indicated by the thermometer, is found to be always of a certain temperature, and cannot be raised more than one degree above that standard; but the natural heat of other parts diminish a little, somewhat in proportion to their remoteness from the centre of circulation; never, however, on any occasion, being raised much more than the natural standard heat of the heart. When man is so excessively hot that he pants for air, and eagerly seeks a cooling breeze, when he is consumed amidst the scorching heat of fever, or burns with the fire of inflammation, the actual degree of heat, as shown by the thermometer, is never excessively elevated; but to the feelings of man the heat appears to be immense, an internal fire seeming to scorch and consume him. How is this? The actions of life are too quick, a little more heat than natural is therefore made sensible; but it traverses the organs and animal structures at an increased rapidity, affecting the nerves of sensation acutely, giving hot and painful feelings; and making the brain perceive structures heated and actions unnatural.

Man maintains a certain temperature; the actions of his many structures produce the heat, and the influence of external heat is counteracted to a certain extent, and repelled by that property of repulsion which he enjoys in a more eminent degree than inanimate matter. It is by this that he is enabled to endure variable temperatures; it is by this that we find him, with comparative security, living amidst the scorching rays of the torrid zone, or dwelling amidst the icy mountains of the northern pole. It is by this that the operative safely bears the great heat of his shop, or works amidst the piercing cold. This power of maintaining a certain degree of animal heat, and of supporting and resisting the heat of other bodies, has its limits. The too sudden evaporation, or the too great reduction of animal heat, gives the sensation of cold, which, if carried to excess, creates disease, destruction of animal matter, and death. The same remarks are applicable to heat, for cold is only a reduction of heat, a diminished degree of the same property. The same changes are effected in common matter: a reduction of temperature tends to the condensation of bodies; in this manner water is frozen into ice, the atoms of caloric are removed, the atoms of water approximate, becoming more and more consolidated and solid: but the contrary is the case with an excess of heat; the atoms of heat, from their repulsive property, separate the affinities of other atoms to greater and greater distances, still changing the qualities and forms of the compound mass, as in animal tissues; thus, when water has absorbed a certain quantity of heat, its particles are more and more separated, and we now see it in the form of vapour or steam; but if more atoms of heat be still added, the watery atoms are still more and more separated, and we now see it expanded into gases or air. As with the properties of dead matter, so with those of the living; for animal bodies are truly machines formed of finer materials; but all matter in nature is alike subject to the laws of physics, chemistry, and mechanics.

Let us, however, proceed to the other general fluid, electricity,—a property which is very generally distributed throughout nature; but the investigation of its nature and laws have hitherto been attended with little success; and though a power obviously adapted for giving motion, as a motor machine has been very little or not at all used in mechanics. Animal tissues are endowed with this imponderable fluid, but particularly the nervous structure, where experiments show it subject, in a great measure, to the same laws as that electricity independent of life, and where experiments also show that it performs a principal role in the actions of animal and vegetable bodies. So im-

portant an agent is it in the animal economy, that in many fishes we find a curious machine of nerves expressly made for its production. It is, in fact, in them an electric battery, but what is wonderful, it is a voluntary one, for these animals can discharge electric shocks at will. The effects of electricity upon our bodies are remarkable; by its action the muscles contract, the articulations bend, and motion is made; by its action the heart can propel its blood, and circulation is partially accomplished; and its fluid can also work the chemical laboratories of life, for the stomach can be made by it partially to digest its aliment, and partially to proceed with the work of digestion. It is wonderful, for from its varied effects it would at first seem to be the real first power moving and directing all the operations of animal bodies, but its influence is not confined here, for it extends its power over the vegetable kingdom.

(To be continued.)

Literature, Criticism, &c.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—OLD MORTALITY.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. Vol. IX. *A new Edition, with the Author's Notes.* OLD MORTALITY. *Edinburgh, Cadell and Co.; London, Simkin and Marshall.* 1830.

We do not intend at present to enter into any long disquisition on the talents, genius, and writings of Sir Walter Scott. There never was, we believe, an individual who has been made the subject of so much critical animadversion, or whose works have been commented on in such a diversity of form and expression. We have had his genius delineated by all the qualities which distinguish it, and by all that do not distinguish it; by all the peculiarities which it has, and all the peculiarities which it has not; and we have had his name brought into contrast with all the great literary names of the present day. Some critics will tell us that in this particular he resembles Shakspeare, and in another particular he exhibits a striking likeness to Milton. Again; he is said in this to differ from Moore, and in that from Campbell. To Wordsworth he has some similitude, or some dissimilitude. If he agrees with Southey in such a point, he disagrees with Shelley in another: and Byron and Barry Cornwall, Cowper and Coleridge, Dryden and Dante, are all trumpeted forth to swell the Baronet's triumph, and to manifest where he thinks like others, and where he thinks like himself; and all this we say manifests the admiration in which he is held; but as all that can be said must be known to most of our readers, we will rest contented with one observation, that there never was an author whose fame during his lifetime has been so widely diffused, or who by the diversity and splendour of his publications deserved better to stand at the head of the literature of the world. But to proceed to the volume before us, being the ninth of Waverley series, and as far as additional matter goes, this is as interesting a volume as has yet appeared. It is prefaced by descriptions of David Ritchie, alias the Black Dwarf, and Robert Paterson, alias Old Mortality.

The frontispiece, which is a beautiful engraving by Wilkie, represents the Milnwood family at dinner, interrupted by Bothwell and the dragoons. The vignette, by J. Burnet, is soft and beautiful.

Speaking of the Black Dwarf, he tells us that his ideal being is not altogether imaginary; he says, "An individual existed many years since, under the author's observation, which suggested such a character. David Ritchie, a native of Tweeddale, was the son of a labourer in the slate-quarries of Stobo, and must have been born in the misshapen form which he exhibited, though he sometimes imputed it to ill usage when in infancy. He was bred a brush-maker, in Edinburgh, and had wandered to several places, working at his trade, from all of which he was chased by the disagreeable attention which his hideous singularity of form and face attracted wherever he went." The author understood him to say he had been in Dublin. We are then informed that David Ritchie, being tired of being the object of shouts, laughter, and derision, settle himself upon a wild moorland, on the farm of Woodhouse, in Peebles-shire, where he erected a cottage, with a garden attached to it. He then goes on to say, "The personal description of Elshender, of Mucklestane-moor, has been generally allowed to be a tolerably exact and unexaggerated portrait of David, of Manor Water. He was not quite three feet and a half high, since he could stand upright in the door of his mansion, which was just that height: The following particulars concerning his figure and temper occur in the *Scots Magazine* for 1817, and are now understood to have been communicated by the ingenious Mr. Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, who has recorded with much spirit the traditions of the good town, and, in other publications, largely and agreeably added to the stock of our popular antiquities. He is the countryman of David Ritchie, and had the best access to collect anecdotes of him. "His skull," says this authority, "which was of an oblong and rather unusual shape, was said to be of such strength that he could strike it with ease through the panel of a door, or the end of a barrel. His laugh is said to have been quite horrible; and his screechowl voice, shrill, uncouth, and dissonant, corresponded well with his other peculiarities.

"There was nothing very uncommon about his dress. He usually wore an old slouched hat when he went abroad, and when at home a sort of cowl or nightcap. He never wore shoes, being unable to adapt them to his mis-shapen, finlike feet, but always had both feet and legs quite concealed, and wrapt up with pieces of cloth. He always walked with a sort of pole or pikestaff, considerably taller than himself. His habits were in many respects singular, and indicated a mind congenial to its uncouth tabernacle. A jealous, misanthropical, and irritable temper, was his prominent characteristic; the sense of his deformity haunted him like a phantom, and the insults and scorn to which this had exposed him had poisoned his heart with fierce and bitter feelings, which, from other points in his character, do not appear to have been more largely infused into his original temperament than that of his fellow-men.

"He detested children, on account of their propensity to insult and persecute him. To strangers he was generally reserved, crabbed, and surly; and though he by no means refused assistance or charity, he seldom either expressed or exhibited much gratitude. Even towards persons who had been his greatest benefactors, and who possessed the greatest share of his good will, he frequently displayed much caprice and jealousy.* Driven into solitude, he became an admirer of the beauties of nature. His garden, which he sedulously cultivated, and from a place of wild moorland made a very productive spot, was his pride and his delight. Sir Walter then goes on to say, "The author has heard his most unmusical voice repeat the celebrated description of Paradise, (by Milton,) which he seemed fully to appreciate." His other studies were of a different cast, chiefly polemical. He never went to the parish church, and was, therefore, suspected of heterodox opinions, though his objection was, probably, to the concourse of spectators, to whom he must have exposed his unseemly deformity. He spoke of a future state with intense feeling, and even with tears. He expressed disgust at the idea of his remains being mixed with the common rubbish (as he called it) of the churchyard, and selected, with his usual taste, a beautiful and wild spot in the glen where he had his hermitage, in which to take his last repose. He changed his mind, however, and was finally interred in the common burial-ground of Manor parish."

The author then goes on to say that David Ritchie was thought, by the common people, to be what is called *uncanny*; that his only living favourites were a dog and cat, to which he was particularly attached, and his bees, which he treated with great care; but that, latterly, he took a sister to live with him. "His sister survived till the publication of the tale to which this brief notice forms the introduction; and the author is sorry to say, that a sort of 'local sympathy,' and the curiosity then expressed concerning the author of Waverley and the subjects of his novels, exposed the poor woman to inquiries which gave her great pain."

"The author saw this poor, and it may be said, unhapy man, in autumn, 1797. Being then on a visit at the family of the venerable Dr. Adam Ferguson, who then resided at the mansion-house of Halyyards, in the vale of Manor, about a mile from Ritchie hermitage. Dr. Ferguson, he says, considered Ritchie to be a man of a powerful capacity and original ideas, but whose mind was thrown off its just bias by a predominant degree of self-love and self-opinion; galled by the sense of ridicule and contempt, and avenging itself upon society, in idea, at least, by a gloomy misanthropy."

He then says that David Ritchie had been dead many years, when it occurred to the author that such a character might be made a powerful agent in fictitious narrative. He says that "the story was intended to have been much longer; but a friendly critic, to whose opinion I subjected the work, that the idea of the solitary was of a kind too revolting, and more like to disgust than to interest the reader. And now we have got but one volume—a tale which was intended to occupy two. Withal the story may be thought as much disproportioned and distorted as the Black Dwarf, who is its subject."

We are far from holding this opinion with regard to this narrative. But we must for the present bid our readers adieu, promising to favour them with a sketch of Old Mortality next week.

* Scots Magazine, Vol. 80, page 207.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

Barometer at noon.	Extreme during Night.	Thermometer 8 morning	Extreme heat during Day.	State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Jan.					
27 28 00	29 0	32 0	36 0	S.W.	Snow.
28 29 95	28 0	29 0	34 0	S.E.	Fair.
29 30 12	27 0	28 0	34 0	S.	Fair.
30 29 60	34 0	35 0	38 0	N.W.	Fair.
31 29 90	28 0	28 0	30 0	S.E.	Cloudy.
Feb.					
1 29 75	21 0	24 0	30 0	E.N.E.	Fair.
2 29 74	24 0	29 0	31 0	E.	Snow.

29th, Eight, a.m. remarkably dense fog.—30th, Nine, p.m. rain.

REMARKS FOR JANUARY.

Monthly mean of atmospherical pressure, 29:83; mean temperature,—extreme during night, 30·93; eight, a.m. 33:20; noon, 36:14; extreme during day, 37:9; general mean, 34:16; maximum, (7th,) 44; minimum, (19th,) 16; prevailing winds, easterly. Minimum of January, 1829, 19—1828, 23—1827, 24—1826, 19—1825, 28.

Summary of the month.—3 days snow, 12 fair, 11 cloudy, 4 rain, 1 stormy.

To Correspondents.

Two articles contained in our present publication, namely, that on the Houseless Poor, and the report of Mr. Rogerson's Lectures, occupy so large a portion of our journal, that we have been obligedjto postpone the memoirs of Sir Thos. Lawrence and Mr. Tierney, together with several original articles, which are reserved for the next *Kaleidoscope*.

G. Bartlett, of Cambridge, has asked more questions respecting America than we can answer. He would do well to consult some of the numerous Emigrants' Guides, where he may find the information he requires.

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE FROM THE SKETCH BOOK.—We shall next week insert the translation to which we adverted in our last, together with another version, which we wish our correspondent to compare with his. If he find any superiority on the part of that we supply, the circumstance need cause no heartburning, as the version is from the pen of as good a French scholar as any in the kingdom.

J. Ll.'s verses, "There is a time," &c. shall appear in our next.

LORD KING'S LIFE OF LOCKE.—We shall take an early opportunity to peruse the essay on Study, which *Philo* recommends as a proper article for the *Kaleidoscope*.

EXCURSION FROM DUBLIN TO LONDON.—We shall next week introduce to our readers a portion of an original Trip from Dublin to London, from the memoranda of a gentleman now residing in Liverpool.

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